

(BALLAD)

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK

VERNON DUKE

Autumn in New York, why does it seem so in - vi - ting?

Autumn in New York, it spells the thrill of first night - ting

Glit - te - ring crowds and shim - me - ring clouds in ca - nyons of steel ——— they're

ma - king me feel: I'm home ——— it's

Autumn in New York that brings the pro - mise of new love

Autumn in New York is of - ten min - gled with pain ———

Dreamers with emp - ty hands may sigh for ex - o - tic lands; it's

Autumn in New York; it's good to live it a - gain

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AUTUMN IN NEW YORK, THE GLEAMING ROOFTOPS AT SUNDOWN
AUTUMN IN NEW YORK, IT LIFTS YOU UP WHEN YOU'RE LET DOWN
JADED ROUES AND GAY DIVORCES WHO LUNCH AT THE RITZ
WILL TELL YOU THAT IT'S DEVINE
IT'S AUTUMN IN NEW YORK TRANSFORMS THE SLUMS INTO MAYFAIR
AUTUMN IN NEW YORK, YOU'LL NEED NO CASTLE IN SPAIN
LOVERS THAT BLESS THE DARK ON BENCHES IN CENTRAL PARK
GREET AUTUMN IN NEW YORK IT'S GOOD TO LIVE IT AGAIN